

## The Tragedy of Hamlet

roare? not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chop-faln?  
Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an  
inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.  
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

*Hora.* What's that my Lord?

*Ha.* Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?

*Hora.* Een so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah.

*Hora.* Een so my Lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may returne *Horatio*! Why may  
not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till a finde it  
stopping a bung-hole.

*Hora.* 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

*Ha.* No faith nor a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty  
enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was  
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we  
make lome, & why of that lome whereto he was converted might  
they not stop a Beere-barrell?

Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay  
Might stop a hole to keepe the wind away.

O that that earth which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall 't' expell the waters flaw!

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, *Enter King,*  
The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, *Que. Laertes*  
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corse.*  
The coarse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fordoe its owne life; 'twas of some estate:

Couch we a while and marke.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Ham.* That is *Laertes*, a very noble youth.

*Laer.* What Ceremony else?

*Dost.* Her obsequies have bin as far inlarg'd  
As we have warrant; her death was doubtfull,  
And but that great command ore-swayes the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified bin lodg'd  
Till the last trump: for charitable prayers,  
Flints and pebbles should be throwne on her,  
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

## Prince of Denmarke.

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and buriall.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

*Dost.* No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead,  
To sing a *Requiem* and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted soules.

*Laer.* Lay her i'th earth,

And from her faire and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest  
A ministring Angel shall my sister be  
When thou lyest howling.

*Ham.* What? the faire *Ophelia*?

*Quee.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell,  
I hop't thou shouldst have bin my *Hamlets* wife,  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maid,  
And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O treble woe!

Fall ten times double on that curs'd head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense  
Deprived thee of: hold off the earth a while,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes.  
Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made  
To rot old *Pelion*, or the skyish head  
Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he whose griefe  
Beares such an *emphasis*, whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,  
*Hamlet* the Dane.

*Laer.* The Divell take thy soule.

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well; I prethee take thy fr  
For though I am not spleenative and rash, (n  
Yet have I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom feare; hold off thy hand.

*King.* Plucke them asunder.

*Quee.* *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

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